THE CALL OF THE BRIDE

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The CALL of the BRIDE and other Selections.

THE LORD is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works. All Thy works shall praise Thee, O LORD; and Thy saints shall bless Thee. They shall speak of the glory of Thy kingdom and talk of Thy power. Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

Psalm 145.



The Father
Himself
Loveth You!



My Heartfelt Greeting.

THE best of all good wishes flow from my heart to-day :
That God's great loving-kindness may bless thee on thy way ;
For with it comes all favour, the warmth of His embrace,
Sweet fragrance of His presence in every time and place.

'TIS joy for me to wish thee the fulness of His love,
So strong, so good, so mindful, and gentle as a dove.
Without this loving favour what would to us remain ?
All earthly treasures worthless, and life spent here in vain.

A PRECIOUS thought to wish thee, the best He has to give,
To all who truly love Him who through His Word do live.
The glory of His purpose, with plan so wide and deep,
Brings hope to His beloved who will His precepts keep.

FRIEND, when these wishes reach thee, O breathe the prayer for me,
The echoes will arise to God in sweetest melody,
Then heart to heart we shall respond to Heaven's glad refrain,
Which tells of joyous life to come beyond the hour of pain !

HEARKEN O Daughter

and consider, and incline thine ear, forget also thine own people and thy father's house, so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty: for He is thy Lord: and worship thou Him: and the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift, even the rich among the people shall entreat thy favour.

The King's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework: the virgins her companions that follow her shall be brought unto Thee, with gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought, they shall enter into the King's palace.

Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth. I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations: therefore shall the people praise thee forever and forever.

The Call  of the Bride

A royal messenger was sent
From great Jehovah's mighty throne,
On wondrous mission to the earth,
To find a bride for God's dear Son.
Armed with all power, he went his way
From the high courts of Heaven's King.
And, brooding o'er the sons of men,
A strange sweet song began to sing.

A song of love, so grand, so great,
God's love, which gave His only Son,
The dearest treasure He possessed,
To save a race, condemned, undone:
A race which had been sold in sin,
Whose father lost the right to live;
And none could save himself from death,
Nor for his brother ransom give.

HE softly sang to weary ones
Who had been feeling after God,
That now the way was opened up
By sacrifice of human blood.
No more the blood of bulls and goats
Should year by year for sin atone,
The one great perfect sacrifice,
The ransom paid for every one.

IN sweetest notes the song went on—
The love of Christ was now the theme:
How He left Heaven's highest joys,
That poor lost man might be redeemed.
Might be released from sin's dark reign
And be brought back from death's estate,
To travel up the grand highway
Where life, and health, and blessings wait.

WHERE perfect knowledge should be theirs,
And every joy of any worth :
When they should have, as God had planned,
Dominion o'er a perfect earth.
And then the song grew grander still,
Such words were never heard before :
That *some* should leave their human state
And up to spirit regions soar.

PAST angel and archangel plane,
Tho' that, indeed, were honour great,
Past cherubim and seraphim
To Christ's divine, immortal state.
What wonder that all Heaven's hosts
With rapture heard the matchless strain !
What wonder that earth's lowly ones
Could scarce believe that grand refrain !

AND as they trembling sought the way,
He said, " I'm sent your steps to guide
" In the same path your Master trod,
" Till He receive you as His bride."
He led them to a narrow gate
And bade them mark its colours grand :
" The snowy linen shows Christ's robe
" Of righteousness, in which you stand.

"THE scarlet colour signifies
" The price to Justice has been paid,
" And sprinkled on the Mercy Seat
" His blood your peace with God has made,
" That royal purple is the sign
" That Heaven's King, with mighty power,
" Stands pledged to come to your relief
" In every dark and trying hour.

"THE threads of blue, the living faith
" Which makes those promises your own;
" Come, follow me within the gate,
" I'll lead you unto holy ground."
And as they entered in the Court
The peace of God fell on their souls ;
With joy they heard the tender words :
" The blood of Jesus makes thee whole."

CLOTHED in His righteousness they stood;
His blood-bought rights on them conferred;
Such blessed hopes faith brought to view
Their very hearts within them stirred.
Their guide now pointed out to them
A brazen altar standing near:
"There you must lay, beside your Lord,
"All earthly hopes, however dear.

"AND every restitution right
"Which would be yours in future days
"Must be for ever sacrificed
"Ere you can walk the narrow way."
With loving zeal they laid thereon
All future rights by faith possessed,
And, washing at the laver clear,
After their guide they onward pressed.

HE led them to the door, and lo!
A wondrous vision met their gaze:
A room, where sunlight never came,
And yet whose walls were all ablaze;
They saw a golden candle stand,
A golden table piled with food,
And at the farther end, before
A vail, a golden altar stood.

IT seemed it were another world;
The Camp and Court were left behind,
And as they tarried by the light
They there received a heavenly mind,
And former mysteries opened up,
There they rejoicing saw the plan—
Deep things they saw, which never yet
Had entered in the heart of man.

THEIR holy messenger led on
To where, on golden table spread,
Was what their souls had hungered for—
Frankincense and unleavened bread.
"Eat and grow strong," he said to them,
"For you our Lord this food prepared:
"Then pass it on to other priests,
"That they with you the feast may share."

THEY were inclined to linger here,
And think their journey almost done;
But their guide cried, "Oh, tarry not,
"But to that golden altar come:
"'Tis here you're nearest to your Lord,
"He tarries just within the vail,
"And watches you with eyes of love,
"And sends you help when foes assail."

ON to the altar then they pressed,
O'erjoyed to find their Lord was near;
They brought with them their two hands full,
Their blood-bought rights once held so dear,
And, standing by the altar fire,
They offered it as incense rare:
When it was crumbled in the flame
A sweet perfume filled all the air.

A joyful sacrifice it was,
Their faces toward the vail were turned
And their hearts' love for their dear Lord
With an unceasing fervour burned.
No holding back of any power,
Nor any grudging service given,
"Fade, fade, each earthly joy," they said,
"And nearer come, ye joys of heaven!

"WE'VE nothing left but death and God,
"Our hearts cry out, 'How long? how long?'
"We're waiting for the welcome words
"'Tis finished now, my child, come home.'
"We yearn to see our Bridegroom's face,
"Our pilgrim's journey long has been"—
Lo! while they prayed, their guide appeared
And said, "'Tis finished! Enter in."

WEEKLY they bowed themselves in death,
Assured that they had won the race,
And in the twinkling of an eye
They saw their Bridegroom face to face.
"Oh! my beloved!" with joy He cried,
"I long have waited for this hour;
"Ascend and share My throne with Me,
"Come! taste thy resurrection power."

AND then the grand procession formed,
Ten thousand ranks of angels bright,
And columns of Archangels grand,
In all the colours of the light;
And cherubim and seraphim,
Resplendent, led that mighty throng,
The pageantry of all the skies
Was there to greet that bridal morn.

CHRIST'S bride the place of honour held,
As onward swept that heavenly train;
Past earth, and stars, and sun and moon,
Beyond the highest spirit plane.
And as they reached the heavenly courts
The royal guide approached the throne,
And, bending low in homage, said:
"The bride of Christ has been brought home."

AND then the Son presented them
Before the Heavenly Father's face:
"These are the ones Thou gavest Me,
"Each one a miracle of grace!
"Each one for very love of me
"Laid all their earthly prospects down:
"They have been faithful unto death
"That they with Me might wear a crown."

IN tender tones the Father said:
"Thrice welcome to these Courts above,
"And to the joys prepared for you,
"Oh! royal Daughter of My love,
"Before the earth received her frame
"Thou wert a part of My great plan,
"Mine eyes have watched thine every step,
"Thou hast been graven on My hands.

"I'VE hedged thee in on every side,
"I've sent thee sun and sent thee rain,
"And even—when thy feet have strayed—
"The rod, to bring thee back again.
"Oh, thou art precious in My sight,
"Come, royal Daughter, welcome home."
And Heaven's King in that glad hour
Proclaimed the marriage of His Son.



"Peace, be still!"

I STAND beside fair Galilee,
A sudden tempest sweeps the sea,
I see a crew, whose efforts fail
To bring her safely through the gale.
And One I see who seems to sleep,
Unconscious of the rolling deep.
"Master," I hear the anguished cry,
"Unless Thou savest, we must die!"
And then I see Him as He stands,
His loving face, His outspread hands.
I hear His voice of "Peace, be still!"
And waiting with my heart athrill
See wind and waves obey His will.–*Luke* 8: 22-25.

* * * * *

THE centuries have rolled away;
I stand beside the sea to-day.
The winds of strife blow wild and strong,
Whilst waves of trouble roll along.
And through the blackness of the night
The storm increases in its might.
Our wisest men in vain have tried
To stem the rising of this tide.
But One I see who seems to sleep
Unconscious of the raging deep.
Ah, no! he waits to hear the cry
"Unless Thou savest we must die!"
By faith again I see Him stand,
And listen to his blest command.
Enraptured now, I know the thrill
For lo! I hear His "Peace be still!"
Through faith I see a newborn world,
I see His flag of peace unfurled
And men in homage own His sway
Whom stormy winds and waves obey.—*Psalm* 46



The Ransom Sacrifice.

From the darkness and gloom of Calvary's hill there flows the light of hope and glory; for not only were the tragic events, accompanying the cross, foreknown by God, but also the marvellous outcome. He fore-ordained and fore-knew that the whole human race would have the opportunity of looking to the Ransom Sacrifice as the only basic means of Salvation. Jesus was raised from the tomb a mighty and glorious Spirit being and He has come to rend the dark night of sin and superstition and to inaugurate the Millennial Age for the raising, instructing and blessing all peoples of earth.
1 Tim. 2: 3-6. Acts 3: 12-26. Isa. 35. Rev. 20: 6. Isa. 25: 9.



WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

SEE from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

WERE the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.



What I live for!

I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
To rejoice my spirit too:
For the precious ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For others still behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I LIVE to tell the story—
He suffered for my sake—
To emulate His glory,
And follow in His wake;
With the noblest of all ages,
Whose deeds crown sacred pages,
Who reap Salvation's wages,
And God's great volume make.

I LIVE to hold communion
With Him who is Divine:
To feel there is a union
With His dear heart and mine:
To welcome His correction,
Grow wise by calm reflection,
Increase in love's affection,
To fulfil His grand design.

I LIVE to hail that season,
By prophets long foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not at all by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I LIVE for those who love me,
For those who know me true:
For the Heaven that smiles above me
To rejoice my spirit too:
For the right that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the glad approaching distance,
And the good that I can do.

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My Heart's Desire

FATHER I know that all my life is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come I do not fear to see:
But I ask Thee for a present mind intent on pleasing Thee.

I ASK Thee for a thankful love, through constant watching—wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles, to wipe the weeping eyes,
And a heart at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathize.

I WOULD not have the restless will that hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do, or secret thing to know.
I would be dealt with as a child, and guided where to go.

I ASK Thee for the daily strength, to none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life, while keeping at Thy side:
Content to fill a little space if Thou be glorified.

Psalms 27 : 4. 37 : 4.

1 Chron. 29 : 11-14.  Eph. 2 : 4-10.

The Praise belongs to Him.

I KNOW if I am chosen to joint heirship with my Lord,
To reign with Him in glory, to receive that great reward:
If, after all my weaknesses, a crown for me He'll claim,
I know that choice will surely bring great glory to God's Name.

IF I had been more worthy, and my stumblings had been few,
When men gave God the glory they'd have praised my virtue, too:
If I'd never lost a battle, or had never missed the mark,
As they talked about His goodness, mine also they'd remark.

BUT my being so deficient, in thought and word and deed,
Means He'll get all the glory—He deserves it all indeed.
When they see this weak mortal raised to such immortal heights:
What praise will rise to Him who in such nothingness delights!

I KNOW that when my Saviour did return to Heaven above,
And was crowned with wondrous glory, it did prove His Father's love.
But thinking of Christ's merit, and His sinless life of grace,
'Twas no wonder that Jehovah chose Him for such a place.

WITH me it is so different: I have not one thing to plead
That I should be more honoured than another bruisèd reed:
And truly, there's no reason to give me a mite of praise:
To Him belongs all glory for the joys which crown my days.

IF you knew all my failings, and my blemishes so vile,
And saw the loving patience my Father shows the while,
'Twould amaze you beyond measure to think He could or would
Make me an able servant who should do His people good.

BUT if to Him such praise is due because of what I am—
Because of such a weakling He has made a stronger man,
Then what will be His glory, when He's raised me higher still,
And crowned me with His choicest on top of Zion's hill?

THAT all these years of striving find me so imperfect still,
Does not speak much to my credit nor give a happy thrill:
Where I appear as worthy, 'tis because His grace is there,
And in the praise and glory, I deserve no part, no share.

I HATE my faults and failings, and I fight them day by day,
But from self with all its weaknesses I cannot get away:
Despite this fact, He uses me—beyond is still more grace—
And hosts will tell the story—how He found for me a place.



This reputed true likeness of our LORD is said to have been taken from an emerald engraved by order of Pontius Pilate, who presented it to Tiberius Cæsar. In due course it came into the possession of a Sultan of Turkey, who parted with it as the redemption price to liberate his brother from captivity.

The Man Christ Jesus

who gave Himself a ransom for ALL, to be testified in due time.
1 Tim 2:3-6.

Description of our Lord from an ancient manuscript from Publius Lentulus, the President of Judea, to the Senate of Rome.

"THERE appeared in these our days a man of great virtue named **Jesus Christ**, who is yet living amongst us, and of the Gentiles is accepted for a Prophet of Truth: but His own disciples call Him the 'Son of God.' He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholder may both love and fear. His hair of the colour of a chestnut full ripe, plain to His ears, whence downward it is curling and waving about His shoulders. In the midst of His head is a seam or partition in His hair after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead smooth and His face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a comely red. His nose and mouth so formed that nothing can be reprehended: His beard thickish, in colour like His hair, but not very long. His look innocent and mature, His eyes grey, clear and quick. In reproving He is terrible; in admonishing courteous and fair-spoken; pleasant in conversation, mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen Him laugh, but many have seen Him weep. In proportion of body and arms, well shaped and perfect to behold. In speaking very temperate, modest and wise. A man for His singular beauty surpassing the children of men."

Answered Prayers

"We know not what we should pray for as we ought." Rom. 8 : 26.



I PRAYED FOR POWER,
methought that I could win
His favour by many a
noble deed :—
The strength I trusted
left me quite alone ;
And in my fall I felt
my direst need :
But, in the dust, when hope
was well nigh gone,
God's own glory with brighter
splendour shone.

I PRAYED FOR LIGHT,
perchance to see beyond
All others, even friends
I held most dear :—
The sun went down,
the lesser lights grew dim,
My once glad heart was
charged with gloom and fear :
But while I sat in sorrow
wrapt in night
The face of Christ made
all my darkness bright !

I PRAYED FOR PEACE,
and dreamed of restful ease,
A slumber drugged from pain,
a hushed repose ;
Above my head the skies
grew black with storm.
And fiercer came the
onslaught of my foes ;
But while the battle raged,
and wild winds blew,
I heard His voice and
perfect peace I knew.

I THANK THEE LORD,
Thou wert too wise to heed
My feeble prayers, and
answer as I thought,
Since these rich gifts Thy
bounty hast bestowed
Have brought me more
than all I asked or sought ;
Giver of good, please
answer each request
With Thine own choosing—
BETTER THAN MY BEST !



The dove, the olive branch and the ark tell the story of love, peace, and Divine protection, which comes, in this time of trouble, to the consecrated Christian who determines to

Press Down on the Mark.

Phil. 3:13-15. 2 *Tim.* 4:7, 8.

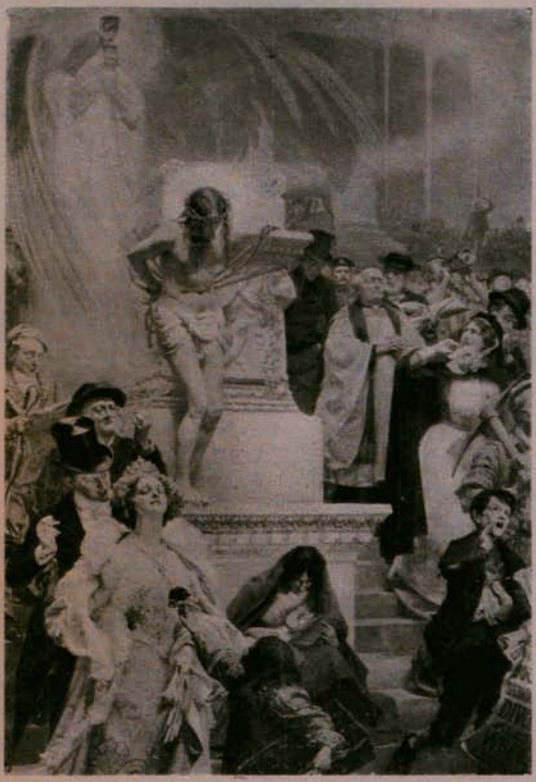
PRESS down on the mark—beloved,
Press down on the mark each day,
Let nothing that comes upon you
Have power to move or sway;
For none but the overcomer
Shall share in the joys above,
So keep at the mark, beloved—
Press down on the mark of love.

WHEN Father sends fiery trials,
When billows around you sweep,
If doubts of His loving kindness
Might over your spirit creep,
Beloved—press down the harder,
One purpose He has in view,
Each trial and test He sendeth
To perfect His love in you.

AT sight of your brothers' failings
Your patience may be sore tried,
But love from a heart o'erflowing
Must all imperfections hide;
And love in the form of service
Must daily be manifest,
As incense sweetly ascending,
As down on the mark you press.

THE world when it fails to win you
May hate you with cruel breath,
And hatred may take a cruel form
That only shall end in death;
But the worst they can do, beloved,
Is to change your cross for a crown:
So while you let God's will be done—
Press down on the mark—press down.

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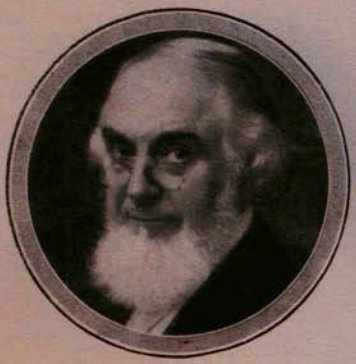


"Despised and Rejected of Men"

THIS remarkable picture shows history repeating itself. In place of the Jewish mobs with their proud religious rulers we see present-day representatives of humanity. The workman, sportsman, soldier, scientist, the smart set, the political agitator, as well as the portly self-satisfied ecclesiastic with his companion given to doctrinal disputes—all alike despise and reject the One who gave His flesh for the life of the world. John 6 : 51.

The one alone whose attention is arrested, is a nurse, who gives a startled glance at the Figure depicting her unfamiliarity with,—a bowed spirit—an anguished soul—a neglected nobleness—a broken heart!

The faithful followers of the Lord are still manifested in the person of the suffering Saviour. 1 Cor. 12 : 12-28. Eph. 1 : 4, 22, 23. 2 Tim. 2 : 12.



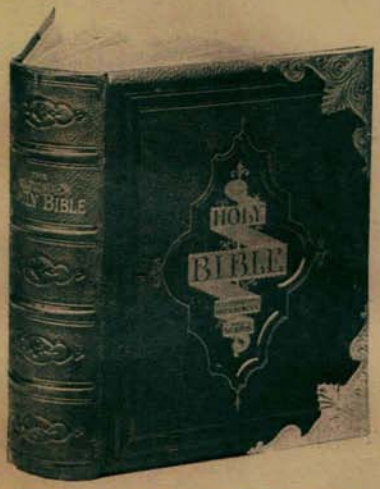
Thy Kingdom Come.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

For nearly two thousand years the suffering, persecuted, self-sacrificing consecrated ones—faithful Pauls, ardent Peters, loving Johns, devoted Stephens, gentle Marys, and tender and generous Marthas, a long line of brave confessors of the truth—have, after fighting the good fight of faith, laid down their armour, to await their promised reward at the Master's appearing.

And now He has come! The Lord is indeed present! The time is at hand for the setting up of His Kingdom, and the exaltation and glorification of His faithful Bride. To the eye of faith He is now revealed by the prophetic lamp (2 Pet. 1: 19); and ere the harvest is fully ended. the present joys of faith will give place to the rapturous joys of the full fruition of our hopes, when those counted worthy will all have been made like Him, and will see Him, *as He is*, face to face.—1 John 3: 1-3.

While we thus stand, as it were, on Pisgah's heights, and view the prospect just before us, our hearts rejoice in the Lord's great plan with unspeakable joy. The grand anthem, the first note of which was sung by the angelic choir, at the birth of the infant Jesus—"Behold I bring you *good tidings* of GREAT JOY, which shall be unto *all people*"—will ere long fill heaven and earth with eternal melody, as the blessed work of salvation—restitution—progresses to its glorious culmination.



"Thy word is truth."—John 17 : 17.

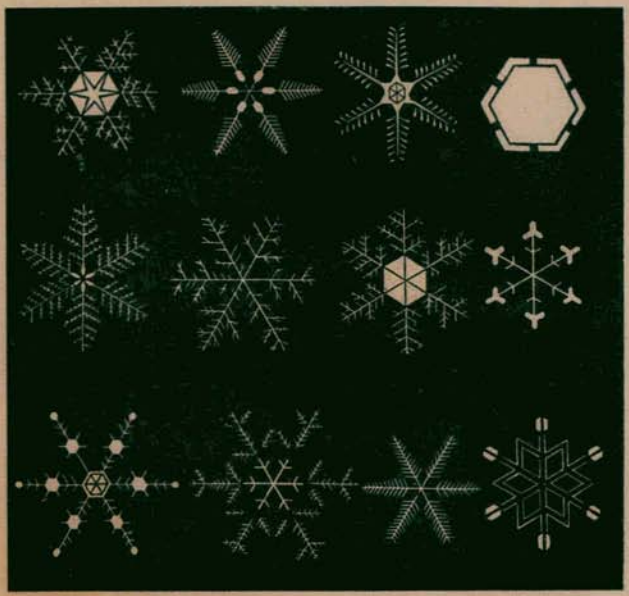
Autobiography of the Bible.

I AM the oldest book in existence, having outlived the storms of thirty centuries. Men have endeavoured by every means possible to banish me from the face of the earth; they have hidden, torn, burnt, reviled and despised me, and have done to death tens of thousands of my faithful witnesses. Indeed no other book has been more bitterly hated, no other book has been more dearly cherished; no other book has been so misrepresented and misunderstood; but to-day, while many of my foes slumber in death, I still live on.

IT is not for me to speak of the conflicting creeds laid to my charge, but on behalf of the one true purpose of my Revered Author I appeal to reason. Look at the stately trees of the forest, the living green of the meadows bespangled by a thousand lovely flowers, the singing birds that delight themselves amid the beauties of nature; the blue dome of heaven, illumined by the sun, moon and stars that space out a universe too immense for man to fathom: and know that the Creator of these things has a wise and loving purpose equally great and beautiful on behalf of man.—*Isa.* 55: 6-13.

THERE is revealed within my covers a chain of testimony which gives evidence of a plan so broad and a design so deep as to be beyond the power of human origin. My story centres around the dear Redeemer, who "by the grace of God tasted death for every man." Based upon this atoning sacrifice, all the dead will be raised, and the whole earth made glorious with life and happiness everywhere, without a trace of sorrow, pain or death.—*Isa.* 11 : 1-9; 60 : 13. *Rev.* 21 : 1-7.

MY message has blessed every follower of Jesus. It has inspired them with hope, encouraged them to zeal, comforted them in sorrow, strengthened them in faith till they have laid down their all in death, awaiting their grand reward. Like the crystal springs from the mountain side which flow on and on to refresh the luxuriant verdure on the plain below, so in the glad day now dawning, the waters of truth will impart its life-giving blessings to the willing and obedient of mankind, who will forever with one sweet accord, praise, love and adore my Beloved Author.—Rev. 5: 8-13.



"Treasures of the Snow."

"Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?
Hast thou seen the treasures of the hail, which I
(Jehovah) have reserved against the time
Of trouble, against the day of battle and war?"
—Job. 38: 22, 23.

SNOWFLAKES, under a microscope, are seen to be a marvel of Divine handiwork. Each crystallized rain-drop—for such is snow—has a definite symmetrical design of innumerable variation—a few examples are given above.

In Scriptural usage rain symbolizes the blessing of Truth (Deut. 32: 2. Isa. 55: 10, 11), therefore, the variable star-like gems falling from the heavens in the form of snow, brings to mind the thousands of God-given harmonious and well-ordered illustrative incidents found in the Bible, and which incite the consecrated to faith and good works. Forceful and effective truths, as symbolized by hail, are also apparent at this time.—Dan. 12: 4, 9, 10. Isa. 28: 17.

It is also noteworthy that snow reflects Sunlight in its purity, and is therefore a fitting emblem of unselfishness, righteousness, goodness and such like qualities sought after by the Lord's Own (Isa. 1: 16-19. Psa. 51: 6, 7). Black objects, on the other hand, absorb all light, thereby picturing sin, selfishness and destruction.—Jude 11-13.



One Here and There.

OF all we meet on life's great stream
There's but one here and there,
Who treasures most the better things
Each man to self most tightly clings,
For self he toils, of self he sings,
Except one here and there.

THE earth would be a darker place
But for one here and there,
Whose heart with self has not been filled,
Whose love for God has not been killed,
Whose thankful praise has not been stilled;
There's one such here and there.

AND this has been the Lord's wise will
To find one here and there,
Who, counting earthly gain but dross,
Would daily take the Christian cross
E'en at the risk of any loss;
God finds one here and there.

'TIS not the many that He seeks,
But just one here and there,
He seeks not all, but jewels fair;
For those who will His sufferings share,
And for His sake reproaches bear;
They're few—one here and there.

BUT oh! the grandeur of the work
For this one here and there!
To join in lifting up the race,
To wipe away of sin each trace,
To make of earth a perfect place,
With glory everywhere!

Luke 12:32. Malachi 3:16-17.



JERUSALEM

Birthday Remembrance.

They that trust in the LORD shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth forever.—*Psalm* 125.

REMEMBERED still, in fervent prayer,
Thy name is breathed to-day!
While this another gladsome year
Falls on thy pilgrim way.
For by His sovereign gracious will
Thou hast thy great desire
To see those days, which endless praise
And deepest joys inspire.

E'EN while the earth 'mid cloud and gloom
Is bathed with sorrow's tears,
E'en though the world doth read her doom
In dark foreboding fears:
Thy portion is, to wing thy flight
Away from scenes below:
To heights above, where songs of love
And living waters flow.

THIS earth will soon be wrought anew
By Jesus' wondrous power.
Soon will His precepts, good and true,
Fall as the welcome shower.
Then will the New Jerusalem
(Thrice hail that Royal Throne!)
Bring full to birth a perfect earth
Where Truth will reign alone.

O chosen one, by His decree,
What more can now be said?
But this thy day that falls to thee
Breathes greater joys ahead!
God feed the flame that burns within,
That flame of sacred love,
Till His great light bursts on thy sight,
In realms of life above!

Desolation.

I MISS them in the morning,
When the mist is on the hill:
When no busy hum is heard
And all the land is still.
Oh, the dear familiar faces,
Oh, the void and empty spaces, and the
Longing for the voices that are still.

I MISS them in the evening,
By the fireside's ruddy glow:
Its light and warmth seem only
The vacant chairs to show.
My heart then fills with sorrow
For the dawning of the morrow,
Without the loving voices that are still.

WHEN I hear the joyous notes
That hail the coming Spring,
And all around the gladness
Makes wood and valley ring,
Then I miss them even more
Than I ever did before, in the
Beauty and the fragrance of the Spring.

WHEN the dreary cold and chill
Of the winter draweth nigh:
When the sobbing wind is heard,
And the pretty flowerets die,
Then I miss them most of all,
And I seem to hear the call of the
Dear and loving voices that are still.

Oh, the dear familiar faces!
Oh, the void and empty spaces, and the
Longing for the voices that are still.

Psalm 90: 3-12.



Restoration.

YOU'LL see them in the morning,
When the Sun shines o'er the hill.
The ransomed hosts returning,
For 'tis God's unchanging will
That those dear familiar faces
Will refill the empty spaces, and praise
Will grace the voices that were still.

THAT bright and happy morning
All the prophets have foretold,
A glory so entrancing,
Every eye shall then behold
When bells of joy are pealing,
And broken hearts are healing, then love
Will cheer the voices that were still.

NOW, come, behold the foregleams
Of that grand stupendous day,
When weeping, sorrow, dying,
Will forever pass away.
Weep not for desolation
But rejoice in restoration, for the
Blossoms that will greet us in the Spring.

OH, sweet and joyous Spring-time!
What glories over-spread,
As health and strength and beauty
Adorn the risen dead.
Then you'll praise God most of all,
When you hear the welcome call of the
Dear and loving voices that were still.

Oh, the dear familiar faces!
Now thrice happy are the places with the
Music of the voices that were still.

Rzek. 36: 33-38 Acts 3: 19-21. Isa. 35

PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN

Morning

Matt. 18: 1 - 4

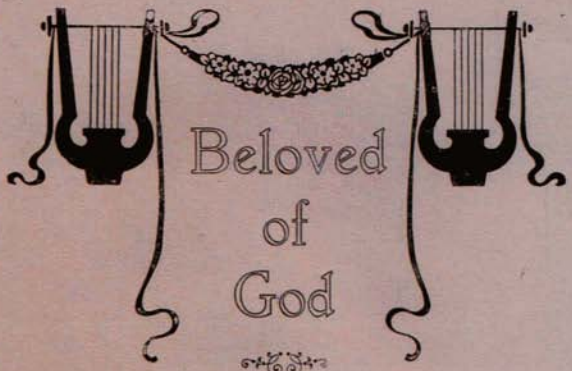
DEAR FATHER, hear a little child
Who offers thanks to Thee;
Through all the darkness Thou hast kept
A watch-care over me.
O Father, keep me through this day,
I would to Thee belong;
May love control my little hands,
May kindness rule my tongue.
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
Upon this earth again;
Dear Father, hear my little prayer,
For Jesus' sake. AMEN.



Evening

Matt. 19: 13, 14

DEAR LORD, before sweet slumber comes
To close my weary eyes,
Up to Thy throne of heavenly grace
My voice in prayer would rise,
For all the blessings of this day
I give Thee thanks and praise;
Forgive me, Lord, For Jesus' sake,
For all my naughty ways:
And as I lay me down to sleep
Do thou and angel send
To watch beside me all the night,
For Jesus' sake. AMEN.



Eph. 1 : 2-6. 1 John 3 : 1, 2.
Rev. 14 : 1-3. Rev. 15 : 1-4.

BELOVED of God ! while anthems ring
That hail the presence of our King,
The harps of God, in golden tone,
Proclaim the joys that thou shalt own.
A chosen heir with him to dwell,
For evermore his praise to swell :
And share with him, in sweet accord,
Who died for all, our precious Lord.

BELOVED and chosen : called to stand,
Enriched with faith in this dark land ;
E'en though thy foes doth thee surround,
His glorious grace doth more abound.
The glad'ning song of hope and cheer
Proclaims the Presence ever near :
His loving arms around thee twine
Till in his likeness thou dost shine.

BELOVED of God ! Beloved by all
Who hear the Father's gracious call.
He calls us each and all by name,
His love remaineth e'er the same.
What glories we shall soon behold !
The half has never yet been told.
O happy they who find release,
Beloved of God in perfect peace !



The Secret of His Presence.

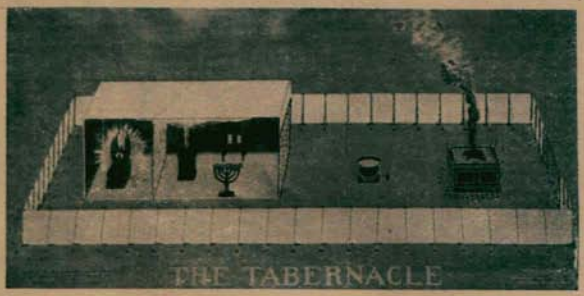
Psalms 27 : 5; 91 : 1.

IN the secret of His presence how my soul delights to hide :
Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side.
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the secret place I go.

WHEN my soul is faint and thirsty 'neath the shadow of His wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring.
And my Saviour rests beside me and we hold communion sweet :
If I tried, I could not utter what He says when thus we meet.

ONLY this I know I tell Him all my doubts and griefs and fears :
Oh, how patiently He listens, and my drooping soul He cheers.
Do you think He ne'er reproves me? What a false friend He would be
If He never, never told me of the faults which He must see.

WOULD you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath His shadow, this shall then be your reward,
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting place,
You will bear the shining image of the Master in your face.



Tabernacle Shadows.

NOT all the blood of beasts on Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace, or wash away the stain,
But Christ, the heavenly Lamb, takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name and richer blood than they.
My soul looks back to see the burden Christ did bear,
While pouring out His life for me, and sees the Ransom there.

The Tabernacle was erected under the direction of Moses in the wilderness during Israel's long journey from Egypt to Canaan. It was of Divine design and foreshadowed "good things to come." In brief it portrayed the sacrificial sufferings of Jesus and His true followers "the little flock," and the manifold glories to follow, resultant upon the satisfaction of justice.
—Ex. 25-27. Col. 2, 17. Heb. 9-10. Luke 12, 32.

The Court was surrounded by a white linen curtain indicating that all within was sacred. Its entrance pointed out the only way from death to life, opened up by the ransom sacrifice of our Lord Jesus, as symbolized by the Altar of Sacrifice. The washing away of sin was symbolized by the Laver, situated between the Altar and the Tabernacle.—Mat. 20, 28. John 14, 6. Isa. 1, 18. Eph. 5, 25, 26.

The Holy of the Tabernacle was the first and larger of the two compartments. It depicted Jesus and His anointed followers whilst in the flesh. The Incense Altar showed the Sacrifices were of love and well pleasing to the Father. The Table of unleavened Shewbread represented their necessary food—the pure Word of Truth. The seven-branched Golden Lampstand pictured the entire Church enlightened by the Holy Spirit.—Heb. 13, 15. 1 Peter, 2, 5. Phil. 2, 16. Rev. 1, 20

The Most Holy in dimensions was cubical. It represented the glorified Christ, as shown by the Ark of Gold. The golden Cherubim with its supernatural light portrayed Jehovah as the Life and Sustainer of the Universe.—Eph. 3, 9-11. Heb. 9, 24. 1 Sam. 4, 4. Isa. 37, 16.

Glorious results will follow the antitypical sacrifices. One picture (Lev. 9) shows that after the sacrifices, the High Priest, accompanied by Moses, went out to bless the waiting throng. When the people saw them they shouted and fell on their faces, thereby picturing the delight and reverential adoration that will result when Messiah reigns to bless all families of the earth. **This wonderful time is fast approaching.**
—Isa. 9: 6, 7. 11: 1-10. 25: 6-9.



Moses Foreshadowing Redemption

"AND as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." John 3: 14, 15.



The **Great Pyramid of Egypt** is the oldest and largest building in the world. It weighs about seven million tons and towers four hundred and eighty-five feet high and is two-thirds of a mile round the base. This remarkable monument contains food for profound reflection for the scientist, historian and astronomer. It is referred to in the Bible and is found to corroborate its testimony, thereby proving that its architect was no less inspired of God, as were Moses and David in the construction of the Tabernacle and Temple. The length of the Jewish and gospel ages are therein affirmed as well as the definite termination of Satan's empire, and the establishment of Christ's Kingdom based upon the Ransom sacrifice.
Isa. 19:19-20. Jer. 32:20.

God's Witness of Stone.

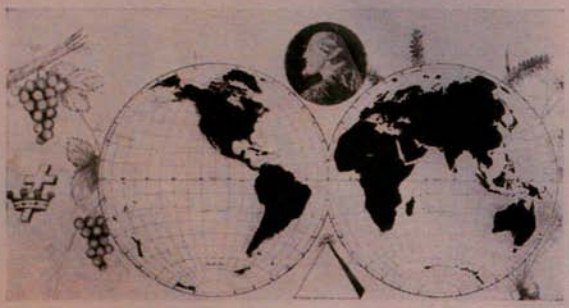
IN a dry weary land, in a wilderness lone,
In a desert of sand, is God's Witness of Stone;
So majestic the whole, and so deep its design,
It convinces the soul of a Builder Divine.

Over four thousand years, it has stood in that place,
'Mid the sighs and the tears of the poor fallen race.
With its secret unknown some have gazed at this tower.
While Jehovah alone knew the depth of its power.

Now there's wonderful skill, that is seen all within;
Come! behold, if you will, the dark symbols of sin;
And then trace from "the fall" how the Lord doth atone,
Showing hope that's "for all" in this Bible of Stone.

'Tis a chart for the wise, giving signs for that day,
When mankind will arise and pursue the right way!
They'll read the glad story which before was unknown,
And God will have glory through His Witness of Stone.

Matt. 21: 42-44; Acts 4: 10-12; Eph. 2: 20-22; 1 Peter 2: 2-8.



When Jesus is King!

PRAISE to our King who is coming to reign,
Glory to Jesus the Lamb that was slain:
Life and salvation His empire shall bring,
Joy to the nations—**when Jesus is King.**

OH, that will bring praise to our King,
Praise to our King! Praise to our King!
Sing the glad song who to Jesus belong:
Glory to Jesus, to Jesus our King.

MEN shall learn right in His kingdom of Peace,
Freedom shall flourish and wisdom increase.
Foe shall be friend when His triumph we sing.
Sword shall be sickle—**when Jesus is King.**

ALL shall come back who have lived long ago,
Love like a banner shall over them flow;
Sin shall be conquered as light shines within.
O hail happy day—**when Jesus is King.**

ALL men shall dwell in His marvellous light,
Races long severed His love shall unite.
Justice and truth from His sceptre shall spring.
Wrong will be ended—**when Jesus is King.**

Tune—"The Glory Song." Isa. II: 1-10.

God's Inheritance

And can it be—that God designs with
You and me forevermore to dwell?
Can His great might secure for us
The right to be His Israel?
A people chosen to proclaim His worth,
To sound the praises of His glory forth,
To lead the van of an adoring earth?

This poor weak clay—can He transform
In such a way that it shall yield Divinity?
This sin-stained mind so cleanse
That He in us shall find affinity?
The abode of His eternal rest,
That habitation which he loveth best,
His chosen Zion? City ever blest?

If this be so—not all the wealth
This world can know will me suffice:
Nor name, nor fame, nor pleasure here below
My soul entice.
How poor these transitory things of earth
Beside this treasure of unending worth,
This heavenly fellowship, this Royal Birth?

And can it be—that down throughout
Succeeding ages He with ardent longing waits
Th' eventful day when—sin all purged away—
We'll sit within His gates?
Can we be subjects of God's desire?
Doth He our loving fellowship require?
And to this height may such as we aspire?

How good to know—His never failing word
Proclaims it so! Dear Lord, I give myself to Thee;
Work out Thy gracious purposes in me
Until ir. Heaven Thy blessed face I see,
And dwell with Thee through all eternity.

Eph. 1. 15-23. Psa. 132. 13. 14. Rom. 8. 28-39



"Thy Will be done!"

"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."



"Do not be anxious about anything: but by prayer and earnest pleading, together with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God. Then the peace of God which transcends all our powers of thought, will guard your hearts and minds in union with Christ Jesus."

Phil. 4: 6, 7 (literal).

The Prayer of the Consecrated.

DEAR Heavenly Father, reverently, and in the name of Jesus, I approach Thy throne of grace to renew my consecration vow TO-DAY, not content with having made my consecration years ago, nor even yesterday, I renew it to-day, and present to Thee my body and all its powers, my heart and all its affections. I give to Thee willingly and gladly everything I possess to be wholly Thine to-day. I would not withhold from Thee one single thing.

"Gracious and loving Father and dear Lord Jesus, come in all your fulness into my heart and life—take full possession—and reign there supreme without a rival to-day. Dear Lord Jesus, my glorious High Priest and Head to Thy Body, the Church, continue to offer me to-day upon God's Holy Altar of sacrifice, and until the sacrifice is completed in death."



Overcoming

He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father and before his angels.—Rev. 3 : 5.

WHEN wrongs are thrust upon you, and things look dark and drear,
You ponder o'er the future with a strange foreboding fear:
Just pierce the clouds of heaven, true faith will surely bring
Its rays of welcome sunshine from the presence of the King.
James 1 : 2-4. Matt. 7 : 7-11.

WHEN discouragement appals you, your cry is "What's the use?"
Your heart is heavy laden, and faith's hold is weak and loose:—
Just grip a little tighter, and a little tighter still,
Refuse to be a weakling when you have a mind and will.
1 Peter 1 : 13. Eph. 6 : 10-18.

WHEN suddenly some secret foe would claim you for a prey,
And fierce becomes its dread approach, it fills you with dismay:
Just wing your flight to Jesus, for with Him alone is rest,
He'll show the way to conquer, and grant you your request.
Psalm 19 : 12-14. Matt. 11 : 28-30

WHEN loneliness steals o'er you and "a coldness chills the air,"
"Aloof" seem friends and "distant," "I'm forsaken," you declare:—
Then clasp that Friend the closer, the faithful saving Friend,
For everyone who's trusting He loves them to the end.
John 13 : 1. Psalm 125 : 1-2.

WHEN you would take it easy—you slacken in the race;
Unmindful of that wondrous goal—immortal—by His grace:
Then remember the good Master and all who've gone before,
With zeal and loving ardour, seek life forevermore.
Heb. 12 : 1-3. 1 Cor. 15 : 57-58.

WHEN disappointment foils you, and what you thought was best
Doth fade away as daylight when the sun sinks in the west:—
Then tread the paths of wisdom, where riches real and true
Are waiting to be gathered—the treasures great for you!
Prov. 2 : 1-11. James 3 : 17.

WHEN wisdom's pearls are gathered, rare gems which beautify,
Then praise the LORD of heaven, who heard your feeble cry,
And send them hither, thither; there are others in distress—
If you would live forever, then you must live to bless.
2 Cor. 9 : 6-15. 1 John 2 : 17.



Drop a Pebble in the Water!

DROP a pebble in the water, just a splash and it is gone—
But there're half a hundred ripples, circling on and on and on,
They are spreading, spreading, spreading, and the ripples rise and fall,
While the music of their swelling brings a thought for one and all;
As you watch the waves of water as they widen round and round
Think how simple were their starting—just a pebble from the ground!

DROP an unkind word or careless, in a second it is gone—
But there're half a hundred ripples, circling on and on and on,
They are spreading, ever spreading, from the centre as they go,
And there's not a way to stop them once you've started them to flow;
And perhaps in some sad heart a mighty wave of tears you've stirred;
And disturbed a life once happy—when you've dropped that unkind word.

DROP a word of cheer and kindness, in a moment it is gone—
But there're half a hundred ripples, circling on and on and on,
Bearing songs of hope and gladness on each buoyant, joyous wave,
Till you'd not believe the volume from the little thought you gave;
And you've rolled a wave of comfort whose sweet music may be heard
Circling miles and miles around you—just by dropping that kind word!

The Two Words

ONE day a harsh word rashly said,
Upon an evil journey sped,
And like a sharp and cruel dart,
It pierced a fond and loving heart;
It turned a friend into a foe,
And everywhere brought pain and woe.

A KIND word followed it one day:
Flew swiftly on its blessèd way,
It healed the wound, it soothed the pain,
And friends of old were friends again:
It made the hate and anger cease,
And everywhere brought joy and peace.

AND yet the harsh word left a trace,
The kind word could not quite efface;
For though the heart its love regained.
It bore a scar that long remained.
Friends could forgive, but not forget,
Or lose the sense of keen regret.

OH! if we could but learn to know,
How swift and sure our words can go—
How we would weigh with utmost care
Each thought before it sought the air;
And speak those words which move in love,
Like white-winged messengers above.



Matt. 12: 33-37. James 3: 2-13.
Proverbs 18: 21.



The Golden Age.

CLOSE your eyes for a moment to the scenes of misery and woe, degradation and sorrow, that yet prevail on account of sin, and picture before your mental vision the glory of the perfect earth! Not a stain of sin mars the harmony and peace of a perfect society: not a bitter thought, not an unkind look or word. LOVE welling up from every heart meets a kindred response in every other heart, and benevolence marks every act. There sickness shall be no more; not an ache, nor a pain, nor any evidence of decay—not even the fear of such things.

Think of all the pictures of comparative health and beauty of human form and feature that you have ever seen, and know that perfect humanity will be of still surpassing loveliness. The inward purity and mental and moral perfection will stamp and glorify every radiant countenance. Such will earth's society be; and weeping bereaved ones will have their tears all wiped away, when thus they realize the resurrection work complete.

Isa. 25, 6-9; Ezek. 36, 33-38; Isa. 35; Rev. 21, 1-7; Rev. 22, 1-5.



"And a little child shall lead them."

'AND a little child shall lead them,'—
O blessèd, blessèd time,
The song of peace will never cease,
The joyful bells will chime:
And angel choirs again will sing,
Proclaiming Jesu's reign—
'Glory to God on high! Goodwill!
And peace on earth again.'

'AND a little child shall lead them,'
The fierce, the proud, the strong,
Will learn to rule in heaven's school,
Their hearts away from wrong;
And love shall be the leading theme
The universe to sway,
And perfect teachers will control
And guide them in the way.

'AND a little child shall lead them,'
The dread and pomp of war,
The captive's groan, the angry tone,
The battle's awful roar—
No more disturbs the harmony
Of earth's desired repose;
The wilderness and desert place
Shall blossom as a rose.

'AND a little child shall lead them,'
The meek, the good, the kind,
Will see the birth of gladsome earth,
And sweet enjoyment find.
Then age to age will pass along
While praise will flow above
To Him who came and died for all
To prove His wondrous love.



Asleep in Jesus.

Blessèd God, Thy love and mercy, oh, how great! that Thou should'st hide my loved one in the grave until Thy wrath be overpast!—Ah, yes, dear heart, sleep well, sleep well, no dreams disturb thy deep repose.

"Asleep in Jesus." Undisturbed, the while earth's breast is rent by "Armageddon's" strife, and all creation travails in the pangs that must precede her glorious "second birth." Sleep well beneath His overshadowing wings.

Sleep well, sleep well, until His Kingdom comes. "The ransomed of the Lord shall then return," and He shall bid thee waken out of sleep. A highway shall be there, a way of life, and thou, dear heart, with joy shalt walk thereon, up, up, until perfection's goal is won, when there shall be no pain, nor any death, when God's dear hand shall wipe all tears away. In this blest hope I lay thee down to rest. Good night, dear heart, 'twill not be long.

Sleep well!

1 Thes. 4 : 13-14; Isa. 35 : 10.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return."



Somewhere the Light is Shining.

Somewhere the light is shining,
Somewhere 'tis always day,
Cease then thy soul's repining
From darkness turn away.
Lift up thy face to heaven,
Where gleams of glory bright
Pierce through the night clouds riven,
Flooding thine eyes with light.

Somewhere there are no shadows, somewhere there is no night,
Somewhere there is no blindness, somewhere 'tis always light,
After life's span of sorrow, after the darksome way,
There'll be a glad to-morrow, there'll be life's perfect day.

Somewhere the cooling zephyrs
Fan fevered careworn brow;
Somewhere delicious fragrance
Floats from the blooming bough.
Somewhere no storms are raging,
Somewhere there's sweet relief,
Somewhere no tears are falling,
Somewhere there is no grief.

Somewhere the light we long for
Conquers the cloud and gloom,
Until the life we pray for
Penetrates e'en the tomb.
Faint not because the darkness
Now settles dense and drear,
Beyond the clouds is sunshine:
Scale them and do not fear.

Isa. 60: 18-21.



Christmas Bells

CHRISTMAS BELLS, ye ring and
ring ! ! hear your music pealing.
To me there's mockery in the tones
That on the air are stealing.
For peace is but an empty name;
Good will—ah, who can find it?
For selfish greed stalks through the earth and misery walks behind it.

O Christmas Bells ! what other sounds now fill the earth with sighing !
The earth brings forth enough for all, yet men for bread are crying.
Though they are given Christmas cheer, and told to banish sorrow,
Their mournful eyes behold with fear the spectre of to-morrow.

And round the world is heard the sound of busy hammers ringing;
And hands are moulding guns for war while lips of peace are singing.
Gigantic vessels sail the seas with weapons forged for killing;
And hearts that should with love o'erflow, hate's vengeful tide is filling.

O bells the curse is over all, and Adam's children languish;
For back at Eden's gate began six thousand years of anguish.
God's wrath has rested on the race; its marks are all about us.
Go search throughout the whole wide earth, and see what sin has brought us

On every side disease holds sway; hear now the captive's moaning.
The curse of sin is on the race, the whole creation's groaning.
Vice crime and evil prey on man; and death fills up the measure.
The bells toll o'er ten billion graves. How can they tell of pleasure?

Peal out, peal out the heaveniy joys that breathe a glad to-morrow
Ring out the message God has given—how he will banish sorrow.
Tell earth the song the angels sang full soon will have fulfilling;
That God shall give eternal joy to every soul that's willing.

Tell out, O bells, their long-lost dead shall arise from Death's dark prison !
Tell them the earth will be renewed because the Lord is risen !
He holds the keys of death and hell; His powers shall wake the sleeping
And raise them up to perfect life, and end earth's night of weeping.

The King's Ring.

ONCE in Persia, reigned a King, who, upon his signet-ring, graved a maxim, strange and wise; which when held before his eyes, gave him counsel at a glance, fit for every change or chance: solemn words, and these are they—**"Even this will pass away."**

TRAINS of camels, through the sand, brought him gems from Samarcand: fleets of galleys, o'er the seas, brought him pearls to rival these: but he counted little gain, treasures of the mine or main: "What is wealth?" the King would say,—**"even this will pass away."**

'MID the pleasures of his court, at the zenith of their sport, when the palms of all his guests burned with clapping at his jests: seated 'midst the figs and wine, said the King, "Ah, friends of mine, pleasure comes, but not to stay—**even this will pass away."**

WOMAN, fairest ever seen, was the bride he crowned as queen. To the bridal altar led, whispering to his soul, he said: "Though no monarch ever pressed, fairer woman to his breast, flesh is born but to decay—**even this will pass away."**

FIGHTING on a furious field, once a jav'lin pierced his shield: soldiers, with a loud lament, bore him, bleeding, to his tent. Groaning from his tortured side, "Pain is hard to bear," he cried, "but, with patience day by day,—**even this will pass away."**

TOWERING in a public square, forty cubits in the air, stood his statue carved in stone, and the King, disguised, unknown, gazed upon his sculptured name, and he pondered, "What is fame? Fame is like a fleeting day—**even this will pass away."**

STRUCK with palsy, weak and old, lying on his couch of gold, said he, with his dying breath, "Life is done! but what is Death?" Then, as answer to the King, fell a sunbeam on his ring, showing, by a heavenly ray—**"Even this will pass away."**



1 Cor. 15: 26. Rev. 21: 1-7.



HAIL to the Lord's Anointed, Jehovah's blessed Son!
Hail in the time appointed, His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression, to set the captives free,
To take away transgression, and rule in equity.

Christ's entry into Jerusalem.

THIS occurred about six days before the Crucifixion. The people, mindful of his wonderful works and words of wisdom, had determined to make Jesus their king, and it was as such that our Lord rode triumphantly into Jerusalem.

The people strewed their garments and palm branches in the way, shouting with joy—"Hosanna to the Son of David: blessed is he that cometh in the name of Jehovah!"

The jealous and proud Pharisees were incensed at this, and urged our Lord to rebuke the people, but he replied that a prophecy was being fulfilled which ran—"Shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold thy king cometh unto thee; He is just and having salvation." Therefore, if these should hold their peace the very stones would immediately cry out.

Nearly two thousand years have passed since this event, and we are living at a time when many prophecies are being fulfilled, all evidencing the fact that our risen Lord is overturning the old order of ignorance and superstition, and is setting up His glorious earthly Kingdom as indicated by the general increase of knowledge and travel, and world-wide cry for a substantial orderly government. Christ's Millennial Reign will entirely eclipse every human ideal in the way of impartial justice, goodness, grandeur and righteous dealing which will be meted out to all peoples of earth as they are raised from the dead:—to this end Christ died and rose again.

1 Cor. 15: 16-26. 1 Tim. 2: 3-6. Dan. 12: 4, 10. Hag. 2: 7. Zeph. 3: 8, 9. 1 Thes. 5: 1-5. Rev. 21: 1-7.



"From Glory unto Glory."

2 Cor. 3: 18.

"FROM glory unto glory!" Be this our joyous song,
As on the narrow way to life we bravely march along.
"From glory unto glory!" O word of stirring cheer,
As dawns with solemn brightness another gladsome year.

"FROM glory unto glory!" By faith we see our King:
We own His matchless beauty, as triumphantly we sing
Of wonderful fulfilments, of treasures new and old,
Of shining crowning summits, we now shall soon behold!

OUR harp-notes shall be sweeter, our trumpet tones more clear,
Our anthems ring so grandly that all the world shall hear!
Oh royal be our music, for who hath cause to sing
Like the chorus of redeemed ones, children of the King?

"FROM glory unto glory!" Though tribulations fall,
It cannot touch our treasure when God is all in all:
Whatever lies before us there can be nought to fear,
For what are pain and sorrows when Jesus Christ is near?

"FROM glory unto glory!" Without a shade of care,
Because the Lord is with us, He will our sorrows share.
He'll never, never leave us, He'll bless us on our way,
O splendour of this promise unto the perfect day!

"FROM glory unto glory!" Our fellow-travellers still
Are gathering on the journey! The glad exultant thrill
Of bright instinctive union, more frequent and more sweet,
Now freely flows from heart to heart in true and tender beat.

NOW onward, ever onward, from strength to strength we go,
While faith and grace abundantly shall from his fulness flow
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here;
Until His glory's presence crown this our happiest year!



"Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him." Matthew 6 : 8.

Absolutely tender! absolutely true!
Understanding all things, understanding you!
Infinitely loving—exquisitely near—
This is God our Father, what have we to fear?

Jer. 9 : 23, 24.



The Vow Hymn.

HEAVENLY Father, I adore Thee!
Hallowed be Thy holy name;
Mighty angels bow before Thee,
Should not mortals do the same?
May Thy rule of love control me,
And Thy will in me be done;
Hear the vow I make before Thee,
In the name of Christ, Thy Son.

DAILY will I pray, remember
All Thy servants, dearest Lord,
Those who labour as one family,
To dispense Thy precious word.
Those who lonely go as Pilgrims,
Those who travel two by two,
Those who volunteer to scatter
Golden gems, like morning dew.

OFTER my thoughts and words and actions
I a closer watch will keep,
That I may be used more freely
In the feeding of Thy sheep.
Oh, I want Thy word to cleanse me,
By its power to set me free,
From all fleshy imperfections,
And to make me more like Thee.

LORD, I know the powers of evil
Are increasing every day;
Trying to ensnare and hinder
Those who walk the narrow way.
Never will I listen to them;
Lord, I fear their subtle power,
From their every snare protect me,
Help me, keep me, every hour.

LORD, in all my daily dealings,
Toward my brethren in the Truth,
I will not by word or action
Do what Thou wouldst not approve.
Purity shall mark my conduct;
Chaste in thought and word I'll be,
That the image of my Master
May be perfected in me.

LORD, this vow that I have taken
I could never keep alone.
When I think of self, I tremble;
When I look to Thee, I'm strong.
Leaning on Thee in my weakness,
Trusting Thee for promised grace,
I will take this vow and keep it
Till I see Thee face to face.